tagem to ſhoot a troupe of horſe with fell,& when I haue ſtole vpon theſe ſonne in lawes, then kill,kill,kill,kill,kill,kill.

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. O here he is, lay hands vpon him ſirs, your moſt deere—

Lear. No reskue,what a priſoner,I am eene the naturall foole of Fortune, vſe me well you ſhall haue ranſome, let mee haue a churgion I am cut to the braines.

Gent. You ſhall haue any thing.

Lear. No ſeconds, all my ſelfe; why this would make a man of ſalt to vſe his eyes for garden waterpots, I,and laying Autums duſt.

Lear. I will die brauely like a bridegroome, what ?I will be Iouiall, come, come, I am a King my maiſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then theres life int, nay and you get it you ſhall get it with running. *Exit King running.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pitifull in the meaneſt wretch, paſt ſpeaking of in a king: thou haſt one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curſe which twaine hath brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle ſir.

Gent. Sir ſpeed you, whats your will.

Edg. Do you heare ought of a battell toward.

Gent. Moſt ſure and vulgar,euery one here's that That can diſtinguiſh ſence.

Edg. But by your fauour how neers the other army?

Gent. Neere and on ſpeed fort the maine deſcryes, Standſt on the howerly thoughts.

Edg. I thanke you ſir thats all.

Gent. Though that the Queene on ſpeciall cauſe is here, Hir army is moued on. *Edg.* I thanke you ſir. *Exit.*

Gloſt. You euer gentle gods take my breath from me, Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me againe, To dye before you pleaſe. *Edg.* Well, pray you father.

Gloſt. Now good ſir what are you?

Edg. A moſt poore man made lame by Fortunes blowes, Who by the Art of knowne and feeling ſorrowes Am pregnant to good pitty, giue me your hand Ile leade you to ſome biding. *Gloſt.*

Gloſt. Hartie thankes, the bounty and the benizon of heauen to boot, to boot. *Enter Steward.*

Stew. A proclamed prize,moſt happy that eyles head of thine was firſt framed fleſh to rayſe my fortunes, thou moſt vnhappy traytor briefly thy ſelfe remember, the ſword is out that muſt deſtroy thee.

Gloſt. Now let thy friendly hand put ſtrength enough to't.

Stew. VVherefore bould peſant durſt thou ſupport a publiſht traytor;hence leaſt the infection of his fortune take like hold on thee, let goe his arme.

Edg. Chill not let goe ſir without cagion.

Stew. Let goe ſlaue, or thou dieſt.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, let poore voke paſſe, and chud haue beene ſwaggar'd out of my life it would not haue beene ſo long by a vortnight, nay come not neare the old man, keepe out cheuore ye,or ile trie whether your coſterd or my bat be the harder, ile be plaine with you.

Stew. Out dunghill. *they fight.*

Edg. Chill pick your teeth ſir,come,no matter for your foyns.

Stew. Slaue thou haſt ſlaine me, villaine take my purſſe, If euer thou wilt thriue, burie my bodie, And giue the letters which thou find'ſt about me To *Edmund* Earle of *Gloſter*,ſeeke him out, vpon The *Britiſh* partie, ô vntimely death ! death. *He dies.*

Edg. I know thee well, a ſeruiceable villaine, As dutious to the vices of thy miſtres, as badnes would (deſire.

Gloſt. What is he dead ?

Edg. Sit you down father,reſt you,lets ſee his pockets, Theſe letters that he ſpeakes of,may be my friends, Hee's dead,I am only ſorrow he had no other deathſmā; Let vs ſee;leaue gentle waxe, and manners blame vs not To know our enemies minds,wee'd rip their hearts, Their papers is more lawfull. *A letter.*

Let your reciprocall vowes bee remembred, you haue many opportunities to cut him off,if your will want not;time and place will be fruitfully offered;there is nothing done, If he returne the conquerour then am I the priſoner, and his bed my iayle; from the lothed warmth whereof deliuer me,and ſupply the place for